

pus, and in addition to this it makes it a more strictly collegiate affair.

Work is not confined to this one department of athletics, but a new fifth of a mile running track is being put around the gridiron, and the jumping and pole-vaulting holes are already made. Considerable interest is being shown in the field and track meet which comes off in a week or so between the freshman and sophomore classes.

The class football teams are out earlier than usual this year, and seniors and juniors and freshmen and sophomores may each be seen chasing the pig-skin. This means the development of much new and unknown material. Out of the fifty-odd men trying on these class teams there certainly ought to be men discovered who are good enough for the second eleven, or even the 'varsity. The rivalry between these teams is great, and the closeness of scores last year—one team not scoring more than six or eight on another—shows how earnestly they set about the work. The games between the classes should be made school events.

The system adopted by the management of selling season tickets certainly meets the hearty approval of every one. Five games are guaranteed, and considerably more than this will be furnished. It saves the delay of waiting for gate receipts which heretofore has been very detrimental in preparing the ground and procuring suits. The games begin Saturday, October 16, and continue every Saturday until November 20. The two games with Missouri and Kansas are worth the price of the ticket alone.

### STORIES IN PASSING.

A team of iron grey horses trotted down the street drawing an empty farm wagon. The driver stood bracing himself against the dash board. A week's stubble was on his face. A white slouch hat set well over his forehead. His overalls were faded a greyish white. One hand held the reins loosely, the other was idly thrust into his pocket. And the man loosely and unconsciously swayed backward and forward with the uneven motion of the wagon.

The street ran down a little hill. Half way down a tire loosened from one of the rear wheels, slipped off the rim, but instead of falling to the earth, continued to run along down the gently declining slope side by side with the wagon. For some distance the tireless wheel and the frameless tire went bowling along side by side, neither gaining or losing, but gradually diverging, the iron tire taking the direction of the sidewalk.

When the tire finally reached the pavement the place was on a level with the street and it ran easily and gently on to the walk and on down the way, still keeping side by side with the wagon. It shaved by a baby carriage and barely missed a dog. A bevy of school children scattered before it. Then, as the small tangent of its course took it to the building line, the tire struck against a protruding rain spout, stopped full a second, and then fell over on its side, smashing through the front window of a little shop.

With the breaking of glass came the crashing of timber from the center of the street. The tireless rear wheel had crushed in, dropping the wagon box to the ground and pitching the white-hatted, blue-overalled driver upon his head.

As the farmer arose and withdrew his hand from his pocket, he looked toward the wall of buildings on his right. A motionless tire lay half imbedded in the front glass window of a little shop.

Above the broken window in large letters, were the words, "All Kinds of Repairing Done Here."

Penton was a clerk in a general store in one of the small towns in eastern Nebraska. He was bright, chatty, and

fond of playing jokes. In the long, lazy days of summer he was wont with some companions to sit on a box in front of the store and watch his opportunity to raise a laugh.

Across the street a brick building was going up. An Irishman mixed mortar and carried the hod. When Penton could think of nothing better he would chaff the tender.

"Mort, there! Simon, don't you hear 'em calling for more mort?"

"What are you doing there, Simon? What are we paying you the enormous salary of two dollars and a half a week for? Get a move on yourself."

But one afternoon after the usual salutation of "mort—there, Simon, more mort," by the bright young clerk, the worm turned. Simon filled his hod, but instead of ascending the ladder to the masons, started straight across the street.

"And is it 'mort' ye're wantin'? An' I'll be after givin' ye all ye want."

The clerk understood the look in Simon's eye, and gained the store just in time to slam the door to and elip the bolt.

Foiled in his attempt to deposite the mortar on the counters within the store, the Irishman poured the contents of his hod over the glass in each door, emptied it into the screens, and plastered it over the stone approach, the sidewalk and the empty box.

"When ye're wantin' more mort'har was his parting shot, "just spake to me and I'll bring it over to ye!"

Dogs, even the best of them, are more or less of a care and trouble. No matter how well trained they may be they are not always to be relied upon. Their very training may prove a disadvantage and cause of annoyance.

Such was the case with the large, powerful bull terrier of the tall, dignified Doctor Peebles. His dog was his greatest pet and constantly with him. He had treated it as a playmate and trained it to do many dog tricks, such as jumping into the air and catching sticks in its mouth, feigning sleep and death, and running down balls and apples thrown at a distance.

The last trick was what caused the trouble. The doctor with his dog had entered a department store. The whole thing was new to the dog, but he acted like the well behaved dog his reputation declared him to be.

Suddenly close to the two, a ball on the carrier system shot up into the air, and off over the glistening steel rods toward the cashier's box. And like a flash the dog, true to his training, was upon the counter and bounding after the ball. Customers and clerks fell back. From one end to the other, the long counter was cleared of trimmings, boxes of buttons, hosiery and rolls of cloth.

When the dog had reached the end, the ball had disappeared, and he stood there puzzled and chagrined. Then of a sudden an empty ball started on its return along another counter. Instantly the bull-terrier was after it, upsetting this time stationery, soap and all kinds of toilet articles. The ball dropped to the counter suddenly and stopped, but the dog went on sprawling head long in to a counter of costly jardiniere. Here the tall, dignified Doctor Peebles, he of the princely gait, put a stop to the momentary cyclone, by collaring the bull-terrier and hurling him far into the gutter.

H. G. SHEDD.

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### NOTICE.

(First Publication September 25.)  
New England Loan & Trust Co., vs.  
Thompson—21-147.

To Thomas Jenkins, as executor of the last will and testament of John Thompson, deceased, Annie Pitts, William Pitts, her husband, non-resident defendants:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on August 5th, 1897, the New England Loan & Trust Company, an Iowa corporation, as plaintiff, began an action against you and other defendants in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, and on the 18th day of September, 1897, filed its supplemental petition therein, the object of which action and supplemental petition is to foreclose a certain mortgage on the following land in said county, to-wit: The southwest quarter of section number 21, in town number 12, north of range number 5, east of the 6th principal meridian, made by James Thompson and Sarah Ellen Thompson to the New England Loan & Trust Company, dated

April 25, 1887, to secure the payment of promissory notes of said James Thompson to said New England Loan & Trust Company for the sum of \$1375, on which there is now due the sum of \$1343.99 with interest from May 1, 1897, at 10 per cent per annum, pursuant to coupons.

Plaintiff prays for decree of foreclosure and sale of said land to satisfy said lien, for deficiency judgment and general relief.

You are required to answer the plaintiff's petition and supplemental petition on or before the first day of November 1897.

NEW ENGLAND LOAN & TRUST COMPANY.

By S. L. Geishardt, Attorney.

Oct 16.

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